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The Age of Seventeen

The age of seventeen.

Seventeen is the age where you're not an adult, but you're not a child either.

At the most, it's a messy whirlwind of hormones, expectations, and emotions.

At the least, it's confusing.

Seventeen is a time for experimenting, trying everything you can get your grubby little hands on.

It's a time for picking up a new hobby, discovering new feelings for someone, developing a new addiction, and trying to find your place in the world.

Everyone you know is dealing with their own internal struggles, yet too prideful to say it as if being seventeen is so embarrassing.

Maybe it is embarrassing. Every time someone mentions that dreadful age, you wince. However, as embarrassing as it was, it was freeing. Caring too much yet, none at all. Wanting so desperately to be an adult, yearning for independence. But filled with childlike wonder, not worrying about the consequences of your selfish actions.

Stealing from your parents' alcohol cabinet to drink in the park.

Giving yourself bad haircuts and dye jobs in the bathroom at midnight.

Obsessing over poorly written teen dramas instead of studying.

Making elaborate schemes to set your friend up with their crush.

Riding your bike too fast down a steep hill.

Laughing obnoxiously in a vacant restaurant with questionable food.

Crying in the school bathroom because home asks too many questions.

Encouraging each other to get tattoos and piercings because you're, "here for a good time, not a long time."

Adrenaline, dopamine, and cortisol.

Blood, sweat, and tears.

These moments make up the best and worst age of your life so far.

The age of seventeen.